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Carmina

Noctis

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

JAMES ALLMAN.

1898

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NEW YORK.

PRESS OF WM. HAMMER,

2 SPRING ST.





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By J. ALLMAN.

A DREAM OF REVOLUTION.

The Goddess of Revolt advances with wild flowing
hair and iron sandals on her feet.

Ferdinand Lassalle.

I.

At still midnight I hurried through the city,
When prone in stillness and repose it lies,
When the calm silent stars look down in pity
As though kind nature, with her myriad eyes,
Wept for the toil of man and womans woe
Wept silent tears of light on all below.

II.

Faint glimmering rays of light feebly were creeping,
Into the shadows of the building high
Showing in dim outline Magdalen weeping,
As with her low bent head she wandered by ;
On either side, two grim heaven reaching rows
Of ghastly towers of want and filth arose.

III.

In anguish to my attic room I hurried,
And to shut out each woeful sight and sound,
Into the pillows soft my face I buried
Soon sank I into sleep deep and profound,
But lo! my slumber ceased for sounds of fear
Loud murmuring cries of wrath were drawing near.

IV.

I rose and in the deepest awe I peered,
Out in the darkness listening. Slowly neared,
The thundering sound of many thousand feet
Marching in dense array down the dim street,
Rose up a threatening cry from myriad tongues,
"Rise for the rights of man death to ancient wrongs"!
Glimmering torches shone with baneful red
Over the marching throngs, glittering overhead
Like pallid foam when ocean storm waves reel
Flashed in the pale moonlight weapons of steel.
Out from each tenement's small narrow door
Fierce throngs of haggard men hurrying pour,
While pallid women urge them on their way
Or seizing weapons join the wild array.
Nearer and nearer the surging many came
Floated above their heads, like the living flame
That guarded Israels van in the darkest night
When through the desert land she took her flight,
Revolutions lurid flag deep hued like blood
Symbol of common cause sign of brotherhood:
But lo! I shuddered at an awesome sight,
A shape gigantic, a form of might,
Rising as mountain peak over a storm,
Towered from the multitude a lofty form.
Her beauteous head loomed high against the skies
A thousand angers flashed from out her eyes,
Her golden tresses glittered as they streamed
Like coils of living fire in the light that gleamed

From blazing torches. In robust strength replete
 Was her white form like that of Greek athlete
 Her graceful limbs were in strong outline shown
 Through her loose clinging garb. A brazen zone
 Circled her waist, from whence a scabbard hung
 Empty. The naked sword her right arm swung
 Reaping a harvest grim while her left hand
 Held in the black midnight a blazing brand
 And as she marched with footsteps stern and slow
 She swayed the sword and firebrand to and fro.
 Wild cries that told of terrors and despairs
 Filled the night air: kings, priests and millionairs,
 With all the other men of fraud and might
 With cries of horror filled the awful night
 Bent they their tremblings forms and craven faces low,
 As with majestic gait sternly and slow,
 Crushing their heads with iron sandalled feet
 The Spirit of Revolt marched down the street.
 The pathway marked by her unswerving tread
 Was with a smoldering mass of ruins spread
 Palaces, churches, factories, ruined prone
 With shattered thrones and altars overthrown
 He wake was littered. Then strange to say,
 The form of wrath was gone and sudden day,
 Beauteous and fair burst on my dazzled sight.
 On every side rose palaces upright
 High halls of granite grey and marble white,
 Carven and built with skill most exquisite.
 Spread out fair flower strewn lawns on every hand,
 Bright limpid fountains flowed silvern and bland,

And as their waters fell and flowed along
 Their rippling cadenced tones kept time with song,
 And music borne upon the summer breeze
 Rich ripest fruits were pendant from the trees.
 Pure healthy children laughed in hearty play
 In the pure sunshine. "Whence comes this day
 Sudden and beauteous peaceful and serene"?
 Asked I when suddenly coming between,
 The blossom laden bushes there appeared
 A form divine and me it slowly neared.
 She looked at me with wide unflinching eyes,
 Not the bold stare of vice, or faint surprise
 Of shallow prudery, but the unblushing gaze
 Of girlhood guileless pure in all its ways.
 Her thin but graceful garment careless hung
 From breast to knees and as it lightly clung,
 Revealed her graceful hips and rounded thighs
 And ^wsmelling ^oblossoms easy fall and rise
 In vague outline, beneath its simple fold.
 Such garb was worn by Attic maids of old.
 "Tell me" surprised I said "Oh! beauteous maid
 What means this golden peace I see displayed,
 Whose are these verdant lawns? Whose halls are these
 Those pretty children playing 'neath the trees
 Whence come they. Whence this happiness and peace"?
 The maid replied with graceful calm and ease,
 "This is the happy kingdom of equality
 Where justice is the king and all are free,
 Where all in common work for common good,
 Where lusty plentitude of clothes and food

Bless a pure people. Listen and hear
 The happy songs of laborers working near,
 Look and behold fair sturdy womanhood,
 List to the children singing in the wood
 Hark how their silvern tongues in union ring
 Chanting the happy melody they sing":

* * * * *

Faded the vision fair, and the maid who spoke,
 All! all! was but a dream and I awoke.

V.

The early gleams of dawn faintly were prying,
 Into my attic chambers chilly gloom
 Sadly I heard a child painfully crying,
 A sickly infant in a near by room,
 I heard the pallid careworn mothers tones,
 Singing a sleeping song in time with the groans.

VI.

In the hall tenements toilers were stirring,
 And the poor wage slave wives were active too,
 In the foul sweaters dens machines were whirring,
 Work had began to last seventeen hours through.
 Want, suffering, toil and grief on every side
 In anguish of my soul loudly I cried.

VII.

"Oh! ever toiling slaves millions in number,
 Armed with deep black despairs death dealing might,

When will ye waken from your passive slumber,
 And make those things be true I saw at night.
 When will ye rise in wrath and overthrow
 The idle few who thrive upon your woe."

TWO STRANGE CITIES.

In any case there are two cities, hostile one to the other, the city of the poor and the city of the rich; and each of these contains very many cities; and if you deal with them as one you will find yourself thoroughly mistaken; but if you treat them as many and give to one class the property and the power or even the persons of another you will have many allies and few enemies.

Plato's Republic. Book IV.

PART I.

THE CITY OF EMPTY PALACES.

A stranger from a far off happy land
 Chanced once to disembark upon the strand,
 Of a strange island, where the buildings high
 White tall and beautiful rose to the sky,
 The grand perspective shewed mile after mile,
 Portico collonade and perystyle,
 Broad graceful arches, columns long and white,
 Domes rose in swelling forms, spires sheer upright.
 But he saw no sign of life, he heard no sound,
 Nought but the calm of death prevailed around.
 No pallid sombre lamp shone on the gloom,
 From out the dreamy students narrow room,

No sound of revellry, music and song,
 Rolled from the banquet rooms hilarous throng,
 No curving spiral of blue moving smoke,
 Of genial warmth within hospitably spoke,
 Bleak pallid like grim corpses cold and still,
 Rose up those spectral halls in night air chill.
 A sturdy man with helmet on his head
 Wearing a uniform passed with measured tread,
 Waking the echoes with his heavy pace,
 Of him the stranger asked "What is this place
 Why this deep stillness? Do no men here live?"
 Replied the other. "Swarming as a hive
 This city is in day time. Congregate
 Hither the money-lords who speculate
 Those lofty empty halls you see contain
 Offices haunt of plutocrats who reign
 O'er all the earth." Again the stranger said,
 "What stupid men are these who empty dead
 Leave there large halls. What is the cause I pray?"
 The strong man seemed surprised and walked away,
 But as he went looked back with curious eye,
 And answered thus:—"My friend I know not why.",

PART II.

THE CITY OF CROWDED HOVELS.

Pondering upon this curious mystery,
 Why such palatial halls should vacant be,
 Wandered the stranger who took his way
 Through the deserted streets. He passed away

From the tall palaces and in their stead,
 Appeared high hideous towers of dirty red
 Reeking with filth, rife with uproarious sound,
 Swarming with ill-kempt folk who stood around
 The narrow doorways, and who thronged each room,
 Or jostled in the stairway's narrow gloom.
 Though late the night was plainly could he heard
 The dreary monotone perpetually whirred
 By the machine in the foul sweaters den,
 Where pallid women slaved and haggard men.
 Children in tattered garb, with small naked feet
 Swarmed in their childish play the grimy street,
 Black night looked blacker for the faint illume,
 Of yellow gas-jets blinking in the gloom,
 Want wed with ignorance, death with poverty
 Swarmed in the narrow streets and buildings high.
 The stranger from his musing thoughts awoke,
 Gazed on the crowded hovels, and thus spoke,
 To a gaunt visaged man who stood near by,
 What are these filthy dismal buildings high?
 My friend, "how many in this near and dwell?"
 Slowly the pale man said. "The truth to tell
 Fully two hundred human beings pent,
 Are living in this nearest tenement,
 For that is what we call these buildings high"
 Exclaimed the stranger, "pray you tell me why
 Beautiful palaces deserted stands
 In a fair city which is near at hand,
 While you live here like horse within a stall,
 Why not live like a man in some large hall

In yon deserted city ?” In accents low
 The pale man said, “my friend I do not know.”

THE MODERN MAGDALEN.

I.

Behold where the umbrageous shadows are striving,
 With leaping and moving and flickering light,
 Where electrical brightness its keen arrows driving,
 Endavors to pierce the dark shield of the night,
 The sombre black shield, which spread over the city
 Conceals vice from punishment and want from pity,
 See Magdalen passing with jaunty step by
 A smile on her lips but despair in her eye.

II.

She looks at the passer by with simulation
 Of gait which her depressed soul knows not,
 Yet despite her bravado a faint hesitation
 Of manner proclaims that when once without spot,
 Her soul was in youth she undoubtedly knew
 Home happy, with parents and friends kind and true
 And the sad weeping spirit of pure long ago
 Dogs her wavering footsteps where’ere she may go.

III.

Time was when charity kind and forgiving,
 The kindness of Christ who was god as some say

Was meted to her for the saviour when living
 Pardoned the woman who erred. But to-day,
 The clergy who lyingly preach in his name,
 Condemn and reject the poor maidens of shame,
 A prison they give where Christ pardoned and where
 He meted out love they give hate and despair.

A LADY AND A WOMAN.

"Nothing to do"! cried Mr. Makely. "A lady is busy from morning to night! She always goes to bed perfectly worn out" "But with what"? asked the Altrurian.

"With making herself agreeable and her house attractive, with going to lunches and teas and dinners and concerts and theatres and art exhibitions, and charity meetings and receptions and with writing a thousand and one notes about them, and accepting and declining and giving lunches and dinners and making calls and receiving them and I don't know what all. It's the most hideous slavery" . . .

A Traveller from Altruria. W. D. Howells.

I.

A bell's loud brazen mouth in mighty tone,
 The midnight hour in diapason rolled,
 I stood beside a lordly house of stone
 The palace of some prince of wealth untold,
 Against an open window, which was screened
 With flowing drapery of Brussell's lace,
 A wealthy dame her pallid forehead leaned
 Gems in her hair but sadness in her face.

II.

I stepped within a graceful porch near by,
 By sombre shadows of the night concealed,
 I heard the wealty dame in sorrow sigh,
 As in these words her anguish she revealed :
 " Oh ! aimless round of pleasure, empty life,
 Dance, music, dresses, jewels everywhere,
 No earnest aim to seek, no noble strife,
 No purifying love, no chastening care.

III.

I bent my head in meditation low,
 And as I wandered on I pondered why,
 That wealthy lady should such sorrow know,
 Then looking upward I saw looming nigh,
 A lofty tenement squalid and grim,
 A pallid working girl with low bent head,
 Sat in a chamber, which was poor and dim,
 And in despairing tones these plaints she said :

IV.

Oh ! living death of work that never ends,
 Toil, want and foulness teeming everywhere,
 Faint is the voice of hope, here where it blends
 Feebly with thousand tongues crying despair,
 Love, slain by Want within my breast is dead,
 And Care Want's brother fiend ruthlessly stole,
 Black hair and rosy lips from my face and head,
 They only left to me my despairing soul.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE APOTHEOSIS OF CAPITALISM.

Uprose to heaven a wail of doleful rue,
From the four hundred on Fifth Avenue :
In abject grief great swelldom bowed its head
For Squanderguilt the millionaire was dead.
The droning hymn, the solemn drawling prayer,
Rose murmuringly upon the silent air,
Of that rich church, known as the Heavenly Rest,
And Rev Barker Boreson with a zest
Of fervid eloquence preached for the soul
Of the dead thief, a sermon which he stole,
From a well learned priest, obscure, unknown,
And palmed it off upon them as his own.
The youthful widow bent her graceful head,
And a few fashionable tears she shed :
Then comforted herself with this reflection :
That mourning hues would match with her complexion.
Meanwhile the rich man's spirit soared on high
Towards the golden mansions in the sky.
It reached at length high heavens pearly gate.
And with imperious tones and clamour great,
Began to call for a free entrance in.
St. Peter heaven's porter heard the din,

And from within he loudly cried, "who's there"?
 "I Squanderguilt, the multi-millionaire,"
 In thundering tones the rich man's soul replied.
 "Give me no impudence but open wide
 Heavens pearly portals and in let me go,
 For references I bear from earth below,
 Given to my soul by greatest of divines,
 One who among all theologians shines,
 Brightest and best. Even now you hear him praying,
 An innocation eloquent he's saying,
 So Peter open wide the pearly gate,
 When parsons pray you should not hesitate."
 St. Peter in a manner most demure,
 While opening the gate remarked, "I'm sure
 There will be trouble when this swaggering set
 Of money grasping thieves together get.
 The millionaire peered curiously around
 To see if in the heavens could be found,
 Some kindred spirit. Soon there met his view
 Old Astorgould, who loudly cried "How'do.
 What just left earth. This heaven is a bore
 I've been here now some twenty years or more,
 With nothing else to do but sing and play
 Upon a golden harp the livelong day.
 Why Squanderguilt these heavens are disgraced
 With wealth and labor going all to waste,
 If we could get a corner on these things,
 The golden crowns and harps or clip the wings,
 Of the angelic hosts and make them toil,
 We might control this heaven and steal the spoil,

Even as we did on earth." "That's true"
 Said Squanderguilt, "but I'm suprised that you
 Have not done so before. I could control
 The raging money-mania of my soul
 Not half as long. No pleasure could I find
 Except that frenzied joy I left behind
 On earth in Wall St. That fierce gambling craze,
 That seared my mind and set my soul ablase,
 With all consuming, never satiate fire,
 Of keenest avaricious gold desire.
 This waste of wealth and labor is a sin.
 Let us at once our Wall St. tricks begin,
 Seek out the shades of all the millionaires,
 The bellowing, shrieking, jumping bulls and bears :
 We knew on earth who used to speculate,
 And soon we will control and regulate
 Heaven and the angels and gold shall be god."
 Thus spoke great Squanderguilt and it is odd,
 That what he spoke of soon was brought about,
 The brokers gathered and began to shout ;
 Their bellowings added nothing to the wealth,
 Of heaven ; but by some strange and curious stealth,
 These shrieking gamblers in quick time controlled :
 The heavens, the angels and the things of gold:
 How this was done I really cannot say
 But if you doubt to Wall St. wend your way,
 And look upon those thieves we never make
 Ought but disturbance yet who all wealth take.
 They never reap, or spin, or sow, or plough,
 They simply kick up an infernal row,

Yet by this shouting, screaming, strange to say
 They get all wealth and weaker mortals sway.
 Jehova sat in grand majestic ease,
 Enjoying his celestial calm and peace :
 When suddenly into his presence came,
 Heaven's warlike general. Michael is his name.
 " O ! Lord," he cried " I dread the news to tell,"
 " What " said the Lord, " is Satan raising hell ? "
 " Oh no," cried Michael, " this time it is worse,
 Wall St., the Stock Exchange, the Paris Bourse,
 And all the thievish tricks those names imply,
 Disgrace these golden mansions in the sky.
 The angels they've enslaved, the heavens they own,
 They'r coming now to steal your golden throne,
 And cast you out and on it Mammon place,
 The only god they know." With angry face,
 And threatening gesture, thus the Lord replied.
 " Bring hither those vile thieves who have defied
 My mighty power." While thus the almighty spoke,
 Shouting and yelling on his presence broke,
 The plundering robbers of the stock-exchange.
 Cried God, " What means this conduct loud and strange ?
 Enslaving angels, stealing heavens, wealth,
 And these vile insults offered to myself.
 The rich, the plutocrat, the millionaire,
 Owned all the earth the brief time you were there,
 What will you ? Do you want the heavens too ?
 At which the broker cried, " You bet we do,
 Mammon was god for us on earth below,
 And here in heaven we're going to make him so.

Get out of that you diguified old fool,
 Gold is our god, and gold alone shall rule,"
 This said they threw the almighty from his throne,
 And Mammon god of wealth ruled there alone,
 The rich men heaven as well as earth now sway
 But don't be sad on that account I pray
 Because we socialists so Christians tell,
 Will not go thither we're all bound for hell.

NIHIL HABEO NIHIL CURO.

As to further reductions in his income the workman say,
 nihil habeo nihil curo. He has no fears for the future be-
 cause he has now only the bare supply necessary to keep
 him. Come what will he has no share either in prosperity
 or adversity.

Karl Marx. Capital, Book I, Part VII.

I.

"Nothing I have, for nothing I care,"
 Loudly defiantly rang out the cry :
 The crowd looked round with terrified stare
 At a gaunt visaged workingman, standing near by ;
 A large crowd it was, of middle-class folk,
 Who listened with keenest approval and glee,
 To an oily tongued liar, who fluently spoke
 Of the home of the brave and the land of the free,
 About tariff reform, and of silver and gold,
 And this glorious land, of all lands in the world
 The greatest and best. When lo ! Loud and bold :

Into their midst was so suddenly hurled,
 The wild battle-slogan of the proletaire ;
 " Nothing I have, for nothing I care."

II.

" Nothing I have, for nothing I care,
 What meanings have all your soft lyings to me,
 Exclaimed the rude workman in tones of despair,
 This home of the brave, and this land of the free ;
 Is a huge bondage-land where in slavery toil,
 The cowardly many, in suffering and woe,
 And the few live like gods on the fruits of their spoil.
 No homestead have I and no country I know,
 And having no hope, hence have I no fear :
 No property, prospects, or brightness, I have.
 Mid your meaningless babblings the time may be near,
 When in his despair the hopeless wage-slave
 May revolt in his wrath. Oh ! ye rich fools beware :
 Nothing I have, for nothing I care."

THE REDEEMER AND THE RICH PHAROSEE.

PART I.

Cold winter's bitter breath from out the north,
 Bent the bare olive branches to and forth,
 Upon the rugged hills, of Gallilee :

While sat in palace warm, a pharasee
 Upon a rich divan. The chamber bright,
 Was rendered by four chandelbra's rich light,
 It glistened on the cups of carven gold
 And lingered softly, in the purple fold
 Of richest Tyrian curtains. On the ground
 Were fixed the rich man's eyes. In thought he frowned.
 Two were with him. A rabbi grave and grey,
 And a stern Roman richly dressed who
 Prone on a silken couch. Huge wine lay jars stood
 Upon the floor; and rich luxurious food,
 Untouched upon the table as though some,
 Expected guest they bided still to come.
 Thus spoke the Pharasee: "The hour draws near,
 When as foretold by many a learned seer,
 The long looked for Messiah shall appear,
 Doth not thy forecast Rabbi tell that here:
 Beneath my humble roof he on this earth
 Shall first appear? My home shall see the birth
 Of this great One who is ordained to raise,
 Israel above the power her greatest days;
 In glorious past have known." (Aside awhile
 Turned the proud Roman to conceal a smile.)
 Throw open yonder casement, full and wide
 And draw the silken curtains, to one side
 To give the Great One a few entrance in."
 The Rabbi shuddered as the blastering din,
 Of the fierce storm he heard, then said he: "Nay,
 Let those thick tapestries between no stay,
 And that harsh wind, now blowing rude and cold,

For I am very weak and very old.”
 Then drew his garments round him, spread his hands,
 Towards the tripod’s glowing charcoal brands,
 That blessed the chamber with their cheery glow.
 The cold breeze swung the curtains to and fro
 The embroidered figures on them seemed in slow,
 And measured, cadence, moving to the low,
 Wierd, music of the wind. Lo! an approaching tread
 In silent fear they heard. His haughty head,
 The Roman moved in deep, expectant, awe.
 The curtains raised. In chagrín deep they saw,
 Bowing before them a swart Moorish slave,
 Who spoke thus: “Master two poor travellers crave,
 The shelter of your roof for one brief night,
 They man and wife are. She in the sad plight
 Of motherhood, is so advanced I fear
 The time for her delivery is near.
 Her husband grave of face, and old in years,
 A slender bundle in his hand he bears,
 In which I saw some implements well worn,
 Such as are used by carpenters. Folorne
 Their faces, travel-stained their clothes,
 They plead so hard for one brief nights repose
 That I your presence with their pleadings sought,
 Daring for pity’s sake to set at naught,
 Yor orders master, that you should remain
 Untroubled at this hour.” In furious strain,
 Of loud-tongued wrath the Pharasee thus spake:
 “Dost thou upon my solemn vigil break,
 To trouble me with beggings, and excuse,

From wandering vagabonds, and harlots loose,
 Who prowl the streets at this late hour at night :
 Go drive them hence. get thee quick from my sight,
 Drive them away. Let not my mansion sainted
 By many sacred grandsires be long tainted
 With their vile sin and presence near my door.”
 Withdrew the slave, to where the travellers poor,
 Awaited in calm expectancy His eyes
 So fierce and savage moist with charity’s,
 Still humid dew. “ This wintry wind that blows
 Feels more of pity than my master knows,”
 Sadly he told them. “ Grieved am I to say,
 He ordered me to drive you both away.”
 They turned with low bowed heads, and wearied pace,
 He leaned forth looking after them, his face,
 Though black and fierce by its sad look expressed
 The struggle raging in his honest breast,
 Pity and fear between. The old man turned,
 While going from him, and his sad eyes yearned
 And plead in silent eloquence so deep,
 The slave no longer could his kind heart keep,
 Controlled and calling loud he said, “ Not able
 Am I to let you in here but the stable
 Lies there behind the palace but I fear
 To ask you, there is so cold and drear.”
 Accepting thanking, quickly they replied,
 Then with him to its humble shelter hied,
 Forward upon the manger cold and dank
 The pallid travel-wearied Virgin sank,
 And there upon a heap of foetid straw,

The Christ-Child this world's cheerless light first saw.

PART II.

Full three and thirty years had passed away.
 'T was in Jerusalem a festal day.
 The air was loud with joy, Horses rang
 In jubilation loud. The people sang
 Paens of praise and welcome. Palms they bore,
 And as to conguoring prince they marched before,
 They tendered wreaths of flowers and sang and bowed,
 In humble reverence low, as through the crowd
 They saw, in kingly grace the Christ-god pass
 Mounted upon an ambling milk-white ass.
 Graceful his face was, calm beyond compare,
 Framed in its golden hood of waving hair.
 Not the proud look of earthly monarchs cold,
 Harsh, and disdainful, bore he To behold
 His mein was great and god-like for these shone,
 From out his mild blue eyes that greatest one,
 Of all the virtues pitying charity ;
 As on past clamouring throngs he hurried by.
 For knew not his prophetic soul in sorrow :
 That these who hailed him king, would on the morrow,
 Cry loudly, Crucify him ! In the way,
 Sood waiting a rich man whose hair was grey,
 Whose flowing robe, beard, and phylactery
 Proclaimed him unto all a pharasee.
 His servants with their rods, drove back the crowd,
 While thus their master, called on Christ aloud :

Great living God ! fulfillment of the word,
 By olden prophets uttered I have heard,
 Of many a noble speech and wonder deed,
 Acted and said by thee and of thy creed,
 New but sublime. Thou to blind their sight,
 By one word givest back ; and from the night,
 That is beyond the grave bringst back the dead.
 To thee, O ! Son of God I bow my head,
 And beg that thou beneath my palace roof
 Refreshments rich will take, and thus give proof,
 Unto the wise words, told in ages past :
 For 'twas unto my ancestors forecast,
 That their great house should ever honored be,
 By giving a brief shelter unto thee.
 Full thirty years and more have hurried by,
 The times proclaimed, when this their prophecy
 Should have occurred in the large house I own,
 In Bethlehem, deftly built of carved stone.
 Mayhap the scribes erred Master came not thou,
 Therefore, I beg of thee enter now,
 My banquet waits, my gates are open wide
 To welcome thee for 'tis so prophesied."
 The near by-standers pallid grew with fear
 When on Christ's face so mild they saw appear
 The majesty of the almighty ire
 The sudden flashing lights of lightening fire,
 Blazing from eyes so kindly and benigne
 And heard the awful voice of Man Divine,
 Raised thus in stern and minatory wrath,
 Like Typhoon rushing through a mountain path,

Or the hill shaking thunders mighty roll,
 "Oh! Pious mouth, Oh! narrow sordid soul,
 My parents sought thy house upon the day
 Whereof you speak and you drove them away,
 With harsh reproof and words of bitter scorn,
 But still I was within thy mansion born,
 For they a shelter in thy stable found,
 And while the night wind pitying sighed around,
 I entered this dark world. Then was fulfilled
 As old seers said, and as my Father willed,
 Not as thy worldly mind desired and thought
 For thou some glorious apparition sought,
 Expectant in thy halls. Go get thee hence
 Pious embodiment of vile pretence,
 Accursed of God art thou and all like thee,
 He who rejects the poor despiseth me.

ST. PETER AND THE POLITICIANS.

I.

St. Peter stood by the heavenly gate,
 Where the souls of the blest enter in,
 Wearied he was for he has long to wait
 In this era of evil and sin,
 When most souls of men I am sorry to say,
 Are so wicked they go in an opposite way.

II.

Three mortals approaching, in greatest surprise,
 The heavenly janitor saw,
 He keenly gazed on them with questioning eyes,
 And addressed them thus: "Before I draw
 These bolt back and throw heavens gate open wide,
 You must tell what you were on earth and how you died.

III.

When I was on earth the first mortal told,
 The republicans I voted for,
 The party who promised us plenty and gold,
 But now Pete I feel very sore,
 For when they got in truth to tell naught to hide,
 The times were so hard of starvation I died.

IV.

My case, said the second one differs from that.
 For Peter to you I'll relate,
 That I when on earth was a staunch democrat,
 And my party controlled the whole state,
 Now just how it happened I cannot tell you,
 Bur strange to say I died of starvation too.

V.

"They called me a socialist while I alive
 Was" The third mortal here loudly said:
 I taught that a small idle class should not thrive,
 On the wealth which the laborers made,

But the many were fools, like these two, and denied
The truth that I taught and of hunger I died.

VI.

The gate Peter opened. "Right in you can go,"
To the socialist spirit he said :
Take an orchestra seat in the heavenly show ;
At the other two he shook his head,
Saying: " You can't go in for the truth I must tell,
Your ignorance would soon transform heaven to hell."

AN ALLEGORY.

Land is the mother and Labor is the father of wealth

William Petty.

I.

A lady fair she was and sweet of grace,
Benignant all providing rich and kind,
The purling streams were blue veins in her face,
Her voice the murmuring perfume laden wind,
Her smile was summer-sunshines glowing sheen,
Her flowing mantle was of verdant green
Embroidered with the blushing modest rose,
The pouting lily and the violet shy,
And golden-hearted daisy bloom that shews,
Its face unto the monarch of the sky :
This dame of happy plenty smiling mirth,
Was all-providing hounteous Mother Earth.

II.

A man he was of might in body strong,
Straight as a poplar, sturdy as an oak :
Industriously he labored the day long,
With dainty tools or heavy hammer stroke,
With strength and skill he wrought and he designed,
Applying both his body and his mind.
His face was beautiful, his step was lithe,
His limbs were even, quick his flashing eye,
He worked alike with hammer, loom or scythe,
In smithy dark, in fields beneath the sky,
He feared no man no master did him own
He was to all as Father Labor known.

III.

Strong Father Labor long with Mother Earth,
In happy ties of passion had been wed,
Their union had been blessed with the birth
Of a fair daughter whose bright presence shed,
A dazzling lustre round the happy house
Of Father Labor and of Earth his spouse.
Of richest gem-wrought silk was her attire,
A crown of gold she wore upon her brow,
And many a pearl and ruby and sapphire
Threw from her throat and wrists their colored glow,
Her attributes were plenty, science, health ;
And this fair beauteous maidens name was Wealth.

IV.

Alas ! the happiness of this pure pair
 Was marred, by an intruder foul and grim.
 Abducted by him was the daughter fair
 Labor enslaved was chained his every limb,
 From faithful Mother Earth he was divorced,
 And into daily drudgery was forced.
 By the foul monster who had seized upon,
 Both Mother Eearth and Daughter Wealth and held
 In selfish lust all pleasures as his own,
 In selfishness he took and he compelled
 Labor to toil and slave at his caprice,
 And this foul monsters name was Avarice.

V.

Lo ! pale with grief became proud Labor's face,
 And grey with want and toil his flowing hair,
 His lithe step, changed to a slow dragging pace,
 His songs to sighs of sorrow and despair.
 Thus slaved and sighed he long until one day
 His passive quiet sorrow passed away, . . .
 And in its place a frenzied madness stole,
 Into his heart and fired with wrath his brain ;
 He seized the fiend who had him in control
 And crushed him lifeless. Then began again
 The reign of peace, love and equality,
 For Land and Labor met and Wealth was free.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

A vagabond in tattered garb attired,
 Haggard, unkempt, half-fanished, foul and tired,
 A Flemish city entered. Round he gazed,
 Hoping to meet a burgher but amazed
 He was to find the streets deserted all.
 'Closed was each shop, empty each market stall.
 At length he met one, and of him enquired :
 " Pray where have all the busy folk retired " ?
 " The city's patron saint upon this day,
 Is honored in the churches where to pray,
 The citizens have gone ; " the other said.
 Towards the church the beggar quickly sped.
 He entered, and though standing in the rear,
 'Close to the door, distinctly he could hear
 A learned bishop preach whose sermon ran :
 On the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.
 In following strain : " I tell you brethren true,
 God is our father and if there mid you
 Be beggar low or sinful man then he
 Is son of god and brother unto me."
 My brother a bishop, thus the beggar thought,
 Well that's good news then eagerly he sought,
 The bishops palace and arriving there,
 The servants greeted him with wondering stare,
 The porter in a haughty manner asked :
 " Who are you ? and then staggered back aghast,
 When " I'm the bishop's brother," quick replied

The beggar, and then waived him to one side,
 And through the gaping group of menials passed
 Into the dining hall, where a repast,
 Of richest viands on the table laid,
 Waited the bishop's coming. Loudly said
 The butler. "Who are you with manners rude
 And garments filthy daring to intrude
 Into these rooms." The beggar coolly seated,
 Himself down at the table and repeated,
 In manner calm, "I am the bishops brother."
 The servants gazed in wonder at each other,
 Then wispered, "It may really be that some,
 Dissolute brother has returned back home.
 But strange 'tis we heard not of him before."
 Just then the bishop strode within the door.
 In proud disdain the mendicant he eyed
 "Who is this filthy vagabond, he cried"?
 "I am your brother," came back the reply.
 Hotly the bishop bawled, "You dog you lie,
 Seize him, let him at once from here be hurled,
 I know no brother in the the whole wide world."

THE VOICE OF CAPITAL.

I.

The distant hills in sombre grandeur spread,
 Their undulating curves against the sky,
 As though they formed a black and purple bed,

In which the sun might go to rest and lie,
Peaceful throughout the night in slumber deep,
Till the larks morning song would stop his deep.

II.

The forest trees had changed their garb of green,
To brown and red, and mellow glowing gold,
For Autumn with its peaceful cool serene
Mild breezes was at hand. The streamlet rolled,
Singing in gurgling bass as it sped by,
A duet with a thrush that chanted nigh.

III.

I looked with pleasure on the peaceful scene,
And fell into poetic dream profound,
A woodland nymph appeared to peep between
The trees and :— Lo! a loud and hideous sound,
A hoarse stentorious lingering frightful shriek
Was heard quite near, I rose its cause to seek.

IV.

Wide oaks and leafy willows formed a screen,
That hid a grimy horror from my eyes,
I peered their waving drooping bows between,
And saw a group of mills and factories,
Soiling the blue vault with their Stygian smoke.
Theirs were the shrill commanding tones that spoke.

V.

In answer to the loud commanding cry,

Of heartless capitals imperious call,
 I saw the pale faced mill hands drawing nigh,
 Care worn of forehead faint of gait were all.
 That avaricious cry in that pure place!
 Those toil worn girls! I fled with hurried pace.

HOW A CAMEL MAY GO THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.

A sermon is a splendid opiate,
 And if you sleepless lie when night is late,
 The following advice I give to you :
 Esconse yourself within the cuishioned pew,
 Of some dim church, list to the drawling drone,
 Of a divine who in a monotone
 Will preach a sermon ponderous vague and deep,
 Soon you will nod and then fall fast asleep.
 Oft have I this effective opiate tried,
 But once it failed me. On that day I hied
 Into a lordly temple on Fifth Avenue,
 And dodging the sexton in a cosy pew,
 I nestled down, but sleep forsook my eyes,
 Instead of closing them in great surprise,
 Wider they opened for a clergyman
 Preached to the wealthy, a discourse which ran,
 In manner thus: " The gospel tells us all,
 An awful truth which truly should appall
 All who by thrift have many millions made,

For the redeemer when on earth once said,
 Addressing rich folks. harder far 'tis for
 A wealthy man to enter in the door,
 That leads to heavenly bliss than through a needle's eye,
 'Tis for a camel huge to pass. Now brethren I,
 Being possessed of much of this worlds wealth,
 And you my brethren being like myself,
 Immensely rich, it is appropriate here ;
 That I should make this obscure passage clear.
 The passage brethren does not mean at all,
 That camels must pass through the opening small,
 In needles where we put the slender thread ;
 But figurative words the good Lord said.
 It was the rule in times now passed away
 And still is, in the Orient, to this day,
 To gird the city with a massive wall,
 The citizens to harbor safe from all
 Foes from without. Many a yonderous gate
 Pierced these huge walls, and when the hour was late
 These gates were shut, the bolts were shot in tight,
 But lest a citizen should in the night
 By untoward event be outside left,
 A smaller entrance a close narrow cleft
 Guarded by soldiers, was the large gate nigh,
 A few feet wide and barely six feet high,
 And this small gate was called the needle's eye.
 A traveler who upon a camel rode
 Arriving late and anxious his abode
 To reach that night would sometimes passing through
 This narrow gate, straggle his camel too,

To get within. Grasping by the nose
 The patient beast, he'd pull while showers of blows
 Were rained by slaves on its posterior,
 And by much flogging, tugging, through the door
 At length with labor they the huge beast drew.
 This is the meaning of the verse. Now you,
 My wealthy brethren will plain perceive
 That you may enter heaven. I believe,
 These words so truthful and appropriate
 Will please you much. Amen. Pass round the plate."

"BETTER TENEMENTS AND CLEANER STREETS."

A pretty boy-orator spoke from a truck,
 Of better tenements and cleaner streets :
 A stagey attitude the youngster struck,
 And mouthed as sweetly as a young calf bleats,
 He told of heavenly joys the poor would know,
 If they would heed his lisps and elect
 A wealthy college president, Seth Low,
 A gentleman most worthy and select.
 A homeless, workless toiler stood near by ;
 He heard the promises so pertly made ;
 In stern protest he raised his fist on high
 These wild and hopeless words he fiercely said :
 " What means to me your ' better tenement,'

Your 'cleaner street,' if, being workless, I
 Cannot for better tenements pay rent,
 And will upon your cleaner streets of hunger die?"

TO A DAISY.

Star of the sward, O! golden hearted flower.
 Oft have I gazed upon thy beauteous grace,
 In meadows green, in dark secluded bower,
 Or on the moorland's drear far-reaching space;
 Thy petals spotless pure to my eyes are,
 Like the bright rays which leave a golden star,
 Or pure effusions from the noble soul
 Of a poor lonely man his lot among,
 The striving, suffering, working, myriad whole
 Who often live like heroes, die unsung
 In fames loud tones. How like art thou to these,
 Oh! numerous blooming flower, star of the earth,
 Shining in darkest gloom mid forrest trees,
 Bright symbol of pure unrecorded worth

* * * * *

Pluck daisies if thou fairest flowers would know,
 If highest virtues stoop unto the low.

A SONG OF SOLITUDE.

I.

Sitting in a ruined city,
By the boundless silent sea,
Musing much in grief and pity
While on the immensity,
Of the broad blue water gazing,
Thinking, thinking, thoughts amazing,
On was, and is, and yet may be.

II.

In long past ages, time was when
Here were halls and humble homes,
And buisy thriving throngs of men
Who swarmed beneath high gilded domes,
Here brought merchants and wise sages,
The wealth of lands, the lore of ages,
Here at eventide was heard,
The bacchnal's wild luxurious song,
Here the martial trumpets stirred
The soul of youth as warriors strong,
Marched in armour from these portals
To work upon their fellow mortals,
All the dreary desolation,
Which curses now this long past nation.
Kings, palaces and pageants gay,
Grand temples, priests both grave and grey,

Earth knew for one brief space their pride,
 Time the impartial made one mighty stride,
 Raised his keen scythe and swept them all aside,

III.

Here is stillness drear and solemn,
 Solitude but seldom stirred,
 Save when part each ruined column
 Slinks the hyena. When the bird
 That sings at mid-night wildly wailing,
 Sets the shrill death echoes hailing.
 Here at eventide's dim light
 Mid past scenes of joy and sorrow,
 The ghastly vampire takes his flight,
 And the dawn light of the morrow
 With a joyless learing blare
 Will show but sadness everywhere.
 Each ruined arch, each shattered stone,
 Like tombs of kings and warriors gone.
 Oh! nation's grave-yard, stones and sands!
 Stern epitaph marked by the hands
 Of Time and Fate upon this shore
 In scorn of mightiness of you,
 Love learning kingdoms dead for evermore.

IV.

It may be yet in many a land,
 In many a busy human hive,
 Where swarming noisy merchants stand,
 Where arts and industries now thrive,

This desolation may prevail,
 And peoples laws and nations fail.
 Oh! greedy avarice of wealth,
 Oh! arrogance of power and cast,
 Ambitions frenzied lust of self,
 How often have ye overcast,
 Nations and empires long ago
 Dragged mighty earnest men so low,
 That they forgot the heroes part,
 The soldiers fame, the skillful art,
 Effete became and ceased to be.
 Shall this with living nations be,
 As in this ruined city by the sea?

Sitting in a ruined city,
 By the boundless silent sea,
 Musing much in grief and pity
 While on the immensity,
 Of the deep blue water gazing.
 Thinking, thinking, thoughts amazing,
 On was, and is, and yet may be.

WHY THE DEVILS WENT ON STRIKE.

I.

A devil went into a mansion uptown,
 And into a rich lady's ear,
 He wispered. In shame, she bent her her head down
 And drew back in horror and fear;

She shrank from the evil conveyed in the word,
 She blushed at the wicked suggestion she heard,
 But just then a handsome young lover came in,
 She listened, she smiled, and she yielded to sin.

The devil in glee flew downward to hell,
 To Satan he made his report,
 His master replied: "You did very well,
 Return now and hunt down the sport."

II.

The devil went into a concert hall,
 And he met the lady there,
 A woman she was now in common with all
 Who with colored cheeks and hair,
 And carmined lips, which lyingly told
 Of love, while hearts were craving gold,
 The woman, the devil hailed with glee,
 She embraced him and sat upon his knee.

The devil in glee flew downward to hell,
 To Satan he made his report
 His master replied, "You did very well,
 Return now and hunt down the sport."

III.

The devil went down to Chinatown,
 And at length he discovered there,
 His victim attired in a filthy gown,
 He features with lust and despair,

Where haggard, and pale, and with sensual lips,
Opium she drew in with feverish sips.
At the squalor and filth in deepest dismay,
The fiend gazed in horror, then hurried away.

The devil disgusted downward fled,
To his master he made his report,
But when, "go back again" Satan said,
In defiance he made this retort.

IV.

"The want and the vice, the squalor and smell,
In those dens of the low proletaire,
Are so frightfully worse than the worst here in hell.
That really I cannot go there,
You say you insist. Then a meeting I'll call,
Of the laboring devils one and all,
Order and fume as much as you like,
At once we will start on a general strike."



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